

Bad Porn

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Summary: Please, of course the /writing/ is high quality. Dean just likes to watch bad porn - Sam disapproves. Fluff, schmoop, slash, some humour. It was fun to write but it could use some editing, so please R&R, it's always helpful! WARNING: WINCEST SLASH SMUT (though not as graphic as usual).

## Bad Porn

A fluffy/schmoopy little piece that struck me in the midst of reading other fanfics. The boys don't go all the way here - but I think some sort of conclusion is in order. R&R for your thoughts please. Enjoy!

Dean sat on his bed, laptop balanced on his lap. His denim-clad legs were splayed ever so slightly and his eyes were glued to the computer screen. His hands alternated from behind his neck to clasped awkwardly over his chest to just hovering above the waist line of his jeans - and then onto the mouse pad of the laptop to hit "play" again and again and again. Dean Winchester was watching porn. Good old fashioned, recorded-at-home and uploaded-to-a-sketchy-website porn. He usually had better taste than this - with stolen credit cards, why not hit up all the high end strip joints? - and rightfully so. This stuff was crap. The 'actors' all make over enthusiastic noises and sometimes music isn't even present. It was all very entertaining and arousing in an idiotic and crappy sort of way.

Sam was in the shower. Dean had opened the laptop to simply browse "Busty Asian Beauties" or perhaps find a boot-legged copy of Die\_Hard on Youtube. But then he'd gotten bored and hit the wrong 'favorites' tab or something and ended up on a hearty American porn website. And he was hooked. So mesmerized, in fact, that he didn't notice when his brother came out of the small motel bathroom (his mammoth size making the space look like a doll house room) with damp hair, worn out jeans and missing a shirt. The younger Winchester opened his mouth to say something, then stopped as Dean chuckled to himself and sighed. Sam leaned against the doorframe, crossing his

arms with an amused grin spreading along his face.

"Dean." Sam said simply, judgement and inquiry evident in his tone. The man on the bed looked up. He gave Sam's appearance a once-over then met his eyes, shrugging with a dopey smile. A gasp of "Oh, yeah, right there!" followed by a series of grunts played from the laptop comically.

"Are you watching...porn?" Sam asked, still smiling. Dean smiled a cocky smile and laced his hands behind his head.

"No." He answered. A moan and a gasp was heard from the laptop, followed by a suspicious wet sound.

"Mm-hm. I can see that." Sam crossed the room in a few short strides and took the laptop from Dean's legs. Dean made a sound of protest and promptly grabbed a pillow to obstruct Sam's view of his obvious hard-on. Which was adorable, as it was nothing the younger Winchester hadn't seen before.

"Come on Dean, this is total crap, even for you," Sam proclaimed upon watching a few minutes of the porn. "You get off on this on a regular basis?"

"Now Sammy, we aren't all kinky assholes like you, are we? Some of us enjoy what happens to be mediocre-quality, traditional American porn. Exhibit A." Dean grabbed the laptop and clicked on another video titled Hot Girl Hot Guy Suck Hot Guy Dick. The brothers watched in silence, until Sam started guffawing, bracing himself against the wall.

"Aw, Dean even the title is crap. Come on, I could make better porn than this."

"I seriously doubt that Sammy," Dean rebuffed. "This," he said, setting the laptop aside and gesturing to it "is an art form." His dry sarcasm had Sam laughing even harder.

"Oh yeah? Uh, yeah, give it to me, right there, uh!" Sam mocked, making his voice climb into a higher pitch as he mimicked the girl in the video. His shrill tone had Dean in hysterics.

"Wait wait, you're forgetting the guy. Oh, yeah, right there baby, so good uh uh uh, you like it don't you." Dean played along, almost losing it. He dropped his voice an octave, so it was gravelly and ridiculous. Sam doubled over onto the bed in a child-like manner and soon both Winchesters were laughing until they couldn't breath. It finally died down and they lay in silence, appreciating the moment of youth that they had shared. Then, from the foot of the bed where Sam had falled, came a noise:

"UUUuuhhh!" This time it wasn't either of the brothers; the laptop was still on and a very attractive girl was getting quite a lot of attention from two equally as attractive men.

"Oh, god turn it off. I changed my mind, you're right it does suck." Dean groaned.

"I don't know man, I kinda like it now..." Sam teased. Dean took the pillow off his lap and whacked his brother.

"Turn it \_off\_ - HEY!" Sam had grabbed the pillow and returned the attack. Unfortunately, he hit Dean's still-prominent boner and drew a choked moan from the older man. Sam sat up and laughed at the look on his brother's face.

"Saaaam... 's not \_funny\_." Dean groaned, shifting uncomfortably and wiggling in his constricting jeans. Sam stuck out his lower lip in a 'poor Dean' pout and climbed up to settle on the smaller man's chest. He made sure to leave plenty of pressure on Dean's little problem and kissed the man deeply, inhaling sharply and making a satisfying \_smack\_ sound when their lips disconnected.

"Mmmm..." Dean exhaled happily, eyelids drooping in pleasure. But Sam wasn't done having fun.

"Oh yeah, you like that?" He said in an overdramatic lusty-voice. Dean's eyes snapped open and he rolled them, but he smiled.

"Mm, yeah give it to me." He chuckled and Sam kissed him again, long and slow. Then the instincts kicked in and Dean sucked in a breath against his brother's lips. They began to mouth at each other, tongues slipping against each other and lips vacuuming the air from the room. Sam's large hands found the sides of Dean's face and he pulled it closer to his own, Dean shifting up just a bit to get at every angle of his mouth. When Sam bit Dean's bottom lip and pulled it away from his gums slowly they made eye contact. Dean's green eyes met Sam's that peered through thick lashes and he shivered. Sam released the older Winchester's lip.

"Damn. This is better than porn." Dean whispered. Sam smiled lazily, too caught up in the moment to appreciate the joke. Dean's winning smile had him kissing down his neck, one hand fisted in the older Winchester's hair and the other pressing against the creaky headboard.

"You're a buzzkill, you know that?" Sam said quietly between kisses. He placed his palms on Dean's sides, thumbs on his abdomen, and began to slowly ride his shirt up and over his head.

"Yeah, but you know you love me," Dean proclaimed. The younger Winchester smiled at his brother's cocky attitude and ground his ass down, drawing a sharp gasp from Dean. "Aw, fuck Sam - "

"You want it? You want it Dean?" Sam said cheekily. He arched his neck down to Dean's v-line and nuzzled the skin at his navel before licking a long stripe up his chest, then up his neck, and his jaw, so so slowly. Dean almost missed his chance to reply as he watched the younger Winchester work him over. He was getting just the tiniest bit sick of this whole porno-shaming thing.

"Damnit Sammy so help me -" Sam bit the junction where his shoulder met his neck, teeth drawing in the tender skin and sucking the breath right out of him.

"I need to hear you beg for it!" Sam said, laughing out loud now. Dean rolled his eyes as he recovered from his brother's antics and decided to play along, wrapping his arms around Sam's naked torso and pulling him further up his own body. As he carefully traced a hand down the bigger man's chest, he spoke:

"Uh, yeah, love it when you talk dirty to me Sammy. But I wanna hear you make those pretty noises - " Dean's hand had found it's way sneakily to Sam's jeans, and upon unbuttoning them and sliding the zipper down they had begun creeping into the taller man's boxers. Sam yelped and stalled his proceeds on Dean. He placed a splayed palm on the wall behind Dean and another fell on the pillow the older Winchester was propped up on. His head hung low over Dean's crotch and his hair fell into his closed eyes as Dean wrapped a firm hand around his dick, pumping slowly. He halted though, and waiting for Sam's eyes to meet his. A growl came from Sam's throat, but Dean only pursed his lips and shook his head. "You know what I want to hear Sam."

The younger Winchester sighed, putting his entire body into the act. He rolled his eyes, once more met Dean's gaze to see if he really meant it, then:

"\_UUhh\_, Dean, please, uh \_need\_ you!" He crooned, his voice reaching new levels of hilarity in his mockery of the porn. All was silent. Sam looked at Dean. Dean looked at Sam. They burst out laughing.

Dean hit his head on the headboard, he was laughing so hard. His stomach bounced Sam on his perch and tears leaked from his eyes. Sam was gasping for breath, clutching his chest and swiping at his eyes. They laughed and laughed and each time they met each other's gazes they would laugh some more. Their faces were red and their voices raw when Sam finally collapsed on Dean, still laughing as he kissed him. Their laughter bubbled into each other's mouths and Sam relaxed his brother, shifting his body to the side down off of Dean and resting his head against the crook of his neck. Dean wrapped one arm around Sam's shoulder to bring him tighter to his chest, allowing his fingers to fist into his hair. The other arm he once again crossed behind his head, sighing happily.

"Thanks for showing me how great porn \_should \_ be," Dean said. "I feel enlightened."

"No problem Dean. Can't have you getting off on that crap anymore. You should'a just joined me in the shower."

"I'll keep that in mind." Dean answered, excited at the prospect. Shower sex: Complicated, yet hot all the same. Sam's thoughts drifted to the topic as well and they both chuckled boys relaxed into each other, energy spent and bellies aching ever so slightly from all the laughter.

"Dean?" Sam asked a bit later.

"What is it Sammy?"

"We're still gonna fuck, right?"

End  
file.